

## WOMAN WHO GOT NOBEL PRIZE

SELMA LAGERLOF LONG A POPULAR AUTHOR IN SWEDEN.

The First of Her Nation to Receive the Nobel Prize of \$40,000 for Literature—Her Latest Story, a Fairy Tale, is a Text Book in Swedish Schools.

This year for the first time the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to a woman, Miss Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish writer. Last year it was bestowed upon Prof. Eucken of Jena University, the year before that Kipling received it, and the year before that Bjornstjerne Bjornson. The prize is a purse of \$40,000 and is awarded by the Swedish Academy, which is composed of eighteen members. Mrs. Velta Swanson Howard, who is the translator of Miss Lagerlof's works and lives at 137 West Seventy-ninth street, said that this is the first time that the Nobel literary prize had ever been awarded to one of her compatriots and that there was great satisfaction throughout Sweden on account of it. Mrs. Howard is a personal friend of Miss Lagerlof, knows her in her home life and is rejoiced at this recognition of her talent.

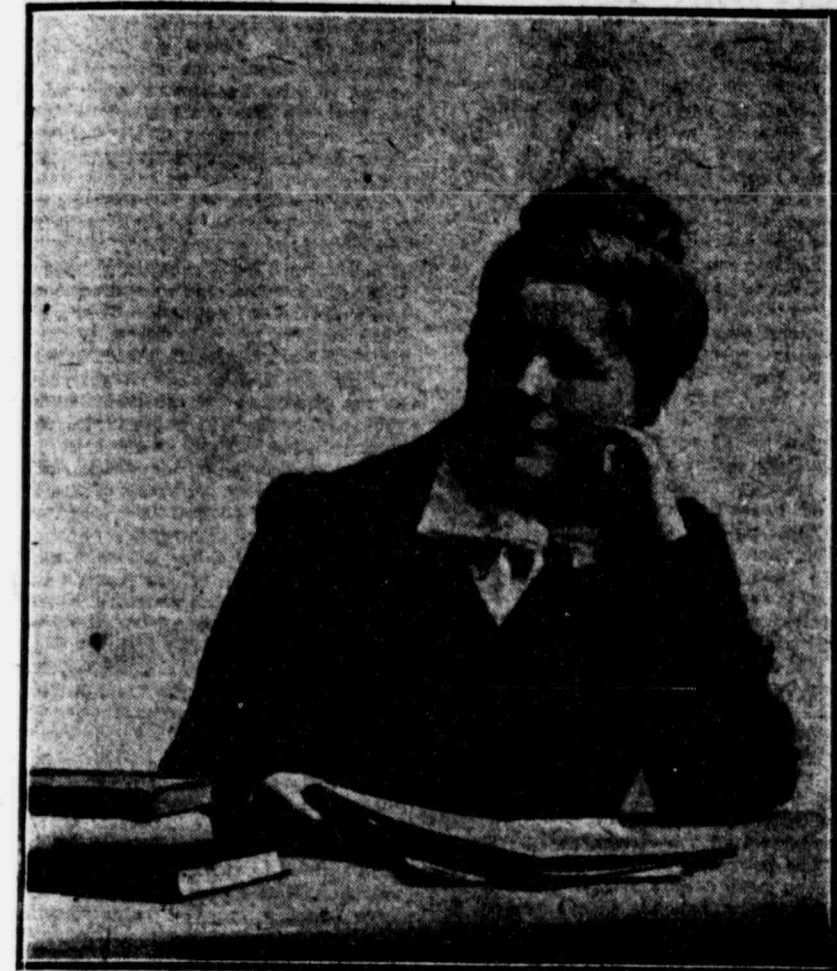
"Miss Lagerlof is of course greatly

beloved throughout all Sweden," she said. "Last year her countrymen celebrated her fiftieth birthday in a national festival attended by scientists and statesmen and members of the clergy and the King himself. All were delighted to do her honor."

But Miss Lagerlof has always taken prizes for literary work. Two years ago the University of Upsala gave her the degree of doctor of literature, and the laurel wreath was placed upon her brow in the cathedral, where she stood directly beneath the tablet of Linnaeus, father of botany. Then on another occasion she won a literary prize of a large sum of money from a magazine.

"While Miss Lagerlof has been a successful writer for many years it is her recent work, 'The Adventures of Nils,' which was adopted as a textbook by the National Teachers' Association and is now in use in the folk schools of Sweden, that carried her intimately into the homes of her countrymen. It was recognized

non-sectarian, but that she must be an apostle of the so-called new thought is apparent from all of her writings. Her 'Christ, the Eternal Son of God,' is a reference to the spiritual side of life. Some of her other books are 'Jerusalem, the Miracles of the Anti-Christ,' 'Invisible Links' and 'Gostir Berling.' "She is a suffragist and is a member of the Frederica Bremer Association, a powerful women's club for social betterment and the enfranchisement of woman. While as a writer she is an idealist and an optimist, I do not wish to give the idea that she does not deal with practical subjects in a practical manner. Her book 'Jerusalem' is for example my written after she had journeyed to the Orient to investigate the conditions of the Jewish peasants who had emigrated there and were said to be treated badly. "She depicts life as it is, but the sentiment is always uplifting. Her work has revolutionized Swedish literature. She has lived in Italy, Sicily and Italy, and the 'Christ Legend' are the outcome of material gathered in Egypt and in the library of Constantinople and of the Vatican."



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## IDEALS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

HONE THE BEST PLACE FOR POSING, SAYS A WORKER.

She's an Artist Photographer, Not an Artistic Photographer, She Says Freely—Strives to Produce Effects as if She Used Canvas Composition.

"No, I am not an artist photographer nor an artistic photographer," said she, who had been mentioned as a notable example of certain unusual things that are being done in photography. "I am merely an artist photographer, if you grasp what that means."

The listener implied that he hardly caught the distinction.

"I am not," she explained, "of those who practice photography and call upon the fundamentals of art to make my work artistic, but I am primarily an artist and use photography as a means of expression. 'Do you see the distinction?'"

The listener intimated that all was not yet clear, so she went on. "Look at this photograph," she said. "Notice that the face of the young woman is a highly dramatic type. You realize it immediately, and you like the face and the ensemble of the picture, but you don't know why. It is because every line is harmonious, every dark and light has been as carefully planned out, with the face as the basis, as though it was a painting that was to be done instead of a photograph and the arrangement was going to be made permanent with paint and brush instead of a camera and sunlight. The result is what you see—making its unconscious appeal through natural yet complete harmony to the beholder who does not know why he is pleased as well as to the artist whose trained eye immediately can pick out all the whys and wherefores."

"It looks very natural," agreed the listener, "and so different from some of the so-called art photography of which so much does not look—"

"Wholesome," supplemented the artist photographer. "I know what you mean—the weird, unnatural products which are yet but a natural reaction against the hard, conventional, strained and unnatural product so long in evidence. The reaction was but normal, yet it sometimes goes to the opposite extreme, and yet it was a desirable step, for it paved the way for the artist photographer."

"Doesn't it seem true and plausible to you," she continued earnestly, "that the artist's sense can find expression through other mediums than paint and brush and those usually indicative of an artist; that it can subdue mechanical aids and make them do its bidding?"

"But how about the sitters?" asked the listener. "Do you think that the majority

of them want to be represented naturally and with adjuncts harmonious only to their own personality?"

"Unfortunately, no," was the response; "and yet the regard for it is growing surprisingly. Fashionable women who do care a great deal about due regard being paid to their handsome jewels and furs and gowns are beginning to see that the artist photographer really accomplishes effects utterly natural conditions and natural setting than does the photographer who makes them paramount."

"How do you pose your subjects?" asked the listener. "Is this your studio, I presume, but where are your sitters?"

"They are off somewhere where they belong, anywhere but here," was the quick response. "For utterly natural effects utterly natural conditions and natural setting than does the photographer who makes them paramount."

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## DIAMONDS A NECESSITY THERE

ON THE EAST SIDE THEY MEAN SOCIAL STANDING.

An Engagement Without Diamonds Almost an Impossibility—Troubles That Fellow Levites Parting—The Question of Safe Keeping Family Jewels.

"More diamonds are worn on the East Side than anywhere else in New York. They are worn at home and in the street, in the shop and in the kitchen. If you have no diamonds you are nobody; if you have them you are somebody. Your husband may be the best man in the world and he may be earning three times the wages which your neighbor across the hall is earning, yet he will be considered either mean and miserly or else a failure."

"I do not know where this passion for diamonds around here comes from," continued the woman, who had braved the public opinion of the East Side and is not wearing any diamonds in spite of the fact that she could well afford to do so. "I believe it is imitation and false pride more than anything else. Some of the first immigrants who came over to this country bedecked themselves with jewelry and diamonds and the rest followed their example, until to-day diamonds are the standard by which one's prosperity, one's success or failure in the New World is measured."

"But whatever the origin of this craze for diamonds its results, sad results sometimes, and most often comical results, are visible everywhere. Just this morning I was face to face with a dilemma created by this craze for diamonds. The roomer in the flat at the further end of the hall, who is an interesting and sensible young man, came in to ask my advice as to which should be an engagement with diamonds on payments, or no engagement because of the want of diamonds."

"He was keeping company with a girl for nearly a year. She was nice and sensible, and as he had said by some \$300 he decided to ask her hand in marriage. As this was practically expected both by the girl and her parents, there was neither surprise nor objection to his proposal and the evening had been set for the engagement. Then as the evening was approaching perilously near he noticed that both his bride to be and her mother and in fact everybody in the house was getting sort of anxious. He asked what the matter was and finally the old woman, more bold and experienced, asked him whether he had overlooked to buy diamonds for her daughter or whether he was merely postponing it until the last minute, which, she remarked, was not wise to do."

"The man was taken aback and explained that he did not intend to buy his future wife any diamonds at all, at least not until he felt that he could reasonably afford it. The old woman shook her head, the daughter wept, friends of the family interposed with advice. All the same, however, the engagement was postponed because the man would not consent either to spend his hard earned money, with which he expected to go in business soon, on diamonds or to take diamonds on credit and pay half a dozen times their actual value."

The only one who stood by the young man was the father of the girl, who declared his refusal to start married life with unnecessary debts and incumbrances, not only sensible but praiseworthy. The old man, however, was soon silenced by the tears of his wife and daughter.

"And the young man was now wondering what he should do. He loved the girl. Both she and her family were all right in every way except that weakness for diamonds."

Instances of delayed engagements and marriages because the young man has not the money to buy a diamond ring for his bride are numerous. In fact no young man who holds himself bound by East Side conventions would think of proposing an open engagement to a girl before he is able to spend at least \$100 on a diamond ring. However, as few young men are able to spend that amount in cash they buy their diamonds on the installment plan.

Often the East Side girl will come to the assistance of her errand and will relieve him from embarrassment by buying the diamond ring with her own money, giving him the ring as a gift, and thus, asserting that it was he who made her the present of it."

The craze for diamonds also results in many tragedies. A young man and young woman will buy diamonds for \$100 or \$150 when they are busy and doing well. Then suddenly the man loses his job and is unable to make his weekly payments on the ring. The result is that it is taken away from him by the dealer.

With other families the diamonds which were bought when the young man was earning well are often pawned when the first slackness in the family comes. Sometimes too the diamonds are pawned and the few dollars secured on them go toward buying a "little business" of one's own.

The comic side of this craze for diamonds comes in when a girl and boy decide to break up their engagement. The question as to who should keep the diamonds outwardly at least with an air of indifference as much as to say "don't care for you and don't care for your diamonds" is often a very serious one. The young man, however, fight it out with the young woman and generally remain the possessors of the much coveted stones.

The girl desiring to retain the diamonds will show all kinds of reasons why they should belong to her even after the engagement is broken. If the reasons advanced fail she will then advance a bill of exchange or some other security for the diamonds and generally remain the possessors of the much coveted stones.

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## THE GIRL IN THE FIRELIGHT

A Concrete Instance of Telepathy Supplied to the Professor.

"If there is anything in this theory of telepathy," said the professor, "then it seems to me that perhaps the air is full of liberated thoughts flying in all directions and likely to be caught by any receptive mind properly attuned. If that be the case then it is possible that many of the thoughts we proudly claim as our own originated in other minds perhaps thousands of miles away."

"A strange idea," observed the red-headed man in the corner, "and yet it may account for the often noticed coincidence of great discoveries made at practically the same time. I believe—"

"Well," spoke up the traveler from Buffalo, "there's a whole lot more than that theory in it. I can tell you that much. I've got a particular friend for you."

"Ah!" exclaimed the red-headed man, "now we're getting to something concrete."

"Yes," admitted the Buffalo person, "it's straight goods, if that's what you mean, and it's a Christmas story and a love story and a sort of spooky story all rolled into one. Gimme a match?"

"This friend of mine," he continued after the stub was once more aflame, "is named Lane—Bobby Lane we all call him, although he's as dignified as they make 'em. He's about 35, something of an athlete, and a lawyer, with a fairly good practice. That'll do I think for the preliminaries. Now I'll get down to the story."

"Bobby was sitting in his room one night mulling his pipe and looking into the open fire. He'd been working on a brief and was pretty well tired out mentally. So while he was sitting there he saw the fire he was giving his mind as well as his body a rest."

"He was, as our friend here remarked, just thinking of nothing at all. And as he looked at the blazing coals they seemed to form a golden circle, and out of the circle stepped a girl—a pretty girl in evening dress—and she smiled at Bobby and held out her hand to him. Bobby in his mind's eye saw himself drop on one knee and kiss the hand of the girl."

"Then she vanished, and Bobby found himself again looking at the flames and a mile away. Now, I won't read this riddle for you right off the reel. You know, I said, 'I travel a good deal

it is a trade to serve sahlab to the merchants among his countrymen at the setting in of cold weather. He meets with no competition in this business."

The little man goes about the streets of the quarter every morning crying his sahlab in a shrill, singsong voice. In his left hand he carries a large tin kettle under which amoules a fire. In it is sahlab for the Syrian merchants for the day. On his right arm he carries a pall full of cups and saucers, leaving the hand free to make a rattling music with several small porcelain dishes which he manipulates between his fingers."

Every morning nowadays between the hours 7 and 10 the little man may be seen in the Syrian quarter coming out of one place and going into another, and there can be no mistake as to his identity, for his cries fill the air and invariably awaken the late sleepers just as the ringing chants of the muezzin on the minaret of the mosque in any one of the towns of the East inhabited by Mohammedans arouses the believers from slumber in the early morn. The sahlab man always meets his customer with a pleasant smile.

"Sahlab Said, Sahlab," he says, meaning "A happy day to you, master." To which the customer replies: "And a still happier day to you, O son of my people. Is your sahlab to-day? It must be good."

"A more delicious preparation of sahlab cannot be found even in Beirut," protests the little man, and he goes on in pouring out a golden cup of the hot fluid, which he hands with an Oriental bow to the customer."

Then the sahlab vendor undertakes to cheer his customer up. He is often making such humorous remarks, of which he has many in store for such an occasion, that the merchant just as often takes the hot fluid particularly unpalatable gulp."

On departing the sahlab seller ventures the remark: "May it please Allah that you enjoyed the sahlab."

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"Well, then, where you shall be buried, and I will see that your grave is regularly supplied. My sahlab, O my master, is the best provision and you should not miss it on the long journey."

"The Mohammedan, however, may seem grotesque, but it isn't. The Mohammedans have a custom of laying food on the graves of their dead as provisions for their journey. The sahlab vendor in Washington street knows this from having lived once in Beirut and mingled with the Mohammedans, and even though the Syrian man trusts his jest will be understood."

## THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

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"All things," said the man of moderate means, "impress us by comparison. If it would have to be a very great sort of a place indeed that would seem anything particularly fine to him, whereas if he had lived always in a shack a very modest house would seem to him luxurious."

"If since they first came in we had been driving steadily a ten thousand dollar automobile then obviously it would take quite considerable of a keeprace cart to give us any added joy in that line, while if we had been accustomed constantly to ride in the subway even the simplest of gasoline gigs might give us great glee. All things go by comparison."

"Take, for instance, smoking. My regular smoke is a stogie that costs \$1.40 a hundred, but I buy also for special occasions a special brand of cigars for which I pay \$2 a hundred; I buy a fifty box at a time for a dollar. Commonly I smoke the stogies, and I think they're pretty good, at a little less than a cent and a half a smoke, but if I happen to strike a little streak of luck I blow myself to a couple of those choice smokes out of the other box, in which really I find great pleasure."

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"And speaking of great pleasure I'm glad I haven't exhausted all my great pleasures; I've still got them all, or mostly all, to enjoy. My capacity for novelty and enjoyment is boundless. I'm not fazed; it is still practically boundless. I have got life ahead of me, not behind, and when I do get money, as I certainly hope to, I'll be able to enjoy everything I want to enjoy and I think there's something in that."

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